

The Virgin said: "Return, show these to the bishop, and tell him that these are the credentials of thy Mission." Upon Diego's return to the bishop, the Tipona (tilmasarape) under which he carried the roses, bore the imprint of the Virgin surrounded by a glittering aura. A Cathedral on that site in Guadalupe Hidalgo (a suburb of Mexico City) was built, and the Tipona, framed in a golden frame above the altar, is revered. And December 12th is considered the day of the spiritual emancipation of the Mexican people.

Beside the sacred shrine which crowns the hill of Tepeyac, there is a huge temple at the foot of the hill, and it is at this temple (pictured above) where the main adoration to the Guadalupe takes place. Masses are held every hour upon the hour to enormous crowds of worshippers, who, as at all Mexican shrines, the pilgrims and worshippers, with candles in their hands, crawl from the door to the altar upon their knees, the young, the old, the children, the urbane and the peasants and the lowly Indians, adore and worship Her very image and name. She is everything that is precious to the Mexican. Her image was carried on the banners during their struggle and wars for independence, the men have her hung around their necks, the cabbies have a decal of her on their cabs, the busmen in front of him in the bus and no home is seen without Her. Even in the fancy and rich hotels, Her image is somewhere in view. Not even Benito Juarez with all his "reforms" and the anti-Catholic Garrido Canabal, were able to stamp out the reverence paid to her.

To get to the shrine where the apparition took place takes plenty of wind. It seems that wherever one wishes to do any interesting sight-seeing in Mexico, one is called upon to do a great deal of high climbing. Now that once barren hill and the path that leads to the shrine is surrounded by buildings. Down below, around the main temple, a busy and a dirty market of everything and anything surrounds the entire sacred grounds. For some sections of the market, even the word "filthy" is a mild term.

It would be very hard for us to conceive of the pure and strong faith the Mexicans have in their Advocate and Patroness. Walls of many rooms are covered with letters, pictures of writers, or reproductions of part of body healed, sent or left by petitioners in acknowledgement of favors granted. In a little patio, where eventually all worshippers land, stands another image, encased in glass. To that image all pleas are poured out. They sweep their hands around the glass of the encasing and wipe it around their face and body, plant a kiss upon the glass and leave the place with the confidence that the Mother of the Underprivileged, their beloved Guadalupe, has heard their prayers.

There are many other sacred shrines in Mexico, although none could compare with the Guadalupe, nonetheless, they are adored with the same true and pure faith as is Our Lady of Guadalupe. Next in importance is perhaps Nuestra Senora Del Remedios, six miles Northwest of Mexico City. Her shrine, too, commands the heights of a hill. Other important shrines are Our Lady of Zapopan near Guadalajara, Our Lord of Chalma, Our Lady of Health in Patzcuaro and La Soledad in Oaxaca.

#### STAY WELL!

We regretted to learn that Mr. Roy Qually, of Oshkosh, Wis., suffered a heart attack and was confined in the hospital since December 19th. Mr. and Mrs. (Irene) Qually's are active members of the Square Dance Ass'n of Wisconsin. We pray for his soon and complete recovery.

## LITHUANIAN GHOST STORY

(NOTE: Before the war, Dr. Jonas Balys, outstanding folklorist, collected for the Archives of Lithuania, a tremendous amount of legends, folk songs, customs and adages. Now, Dr. Balys, who is with Indiana University in Bloomington, is collecting folklore among the Lithuanians in the U. S. The ghost story printed in this issue is of a group he collected from Magdalena Takazauskiene of Pittsburgh, Pa. who supplied Dr. Balys with fifty rare folk songs and ten tales. Three of her legends Dr. Balys read at the Annual Meeting of the American Folklore Society, held at the University in Bloomington on July 28, 1950.)

### The Apiarist Kurauskas

"I am going to tell you a true story. I heard it from my father who has had personal experiences with the event.

The owner of the large estate called Giedryne had a gardener and apiarist with the name Kurauskas. He was considered a good man but nobody was aware of what he once did. One day while going to holy communion, he secretly took the sacred wafer from his mouth, took it home and placed it in one of the beehives. Since that very day he had unusual success with bees and the landlord was very much pleased with him.

One day the apiarist became sick. He went outdoors and drowned in a small pond in the yard caused by rain. In three days he was buried and the relatives and friends, according to the custom, gathered at the home of the deceased for the last rites (to sing the rosary). Lo and behold! Kurauskas came home to his own funeral feast! He did nothing, he was merely standing and gazing at the guests who were scared and fled.

Now the haunting began. Kurauskas usually appeared to those people with whom he liked to wrestle while he was alive. The attacked man was forced to wrestle with him the whole night. Even if Kurauskas was overpowered, he suddenly freed himself and the struggle continued. One servant died because he was exhausted from continually wrestling with the dead man. The landlord did not want to believe the story. "How do you dare blame such a good man?"

Kurauskas haunted, clad not in the funeral clothes, but with his every-day suit which he used to wear while working in the garden. His wife sold the suit to a wandering merchant, a Jew. Kurauskas found the Jew, took away his clothes and haunted in them.

The son of the landlord had a girl friend in the nearby town of Virbalis. Once the young man returned home, riding his horse, at about eleven o'clock at night. He called for the night watchman to take the horse from him. The watchman was at that time on the other side of the estate. Before he could get there, Kurauskas appeared and took the horse. The young man, seeing the ghost, shouted out loudly and fainted. The servants took him to the room and wondered why he was pale and speechless. They called several doctors, one of them being Mr. Snaiberis from Kybartai, but nobody was able to help him. The watchman coming later thought that the gentleman drove the horse into the stable in order to take off the saddle. He entered the stable and what an arresting sight: the horse was hung by the bridle to the beam of the ceiling, and Kurauskas was steadily going around the horse. The watchman was not frightened, Kurauskas never challenged him for wrestling, because the watchman overpowered Kurauskas while he was alive, and the ghost feared him. The watchman cut the bridle with his pocket knife and freed the horse which was nearly suffocated. Kurauskas laughed loudly,

like a horse, and went his way. Next day the gentleman regained his speech and said: "Father, it is true, what the people are saying, Kurauskas haunts and last night he took my horse from me."

The landlord called the Rector of the Catholic church from Virbalis. The priest investigated the case and hearing that the deceased was an unusually successful apiarist, called another beekeeper to investigate the beehives. The latter discovered that the bees in one of the hives were constantly buzzing something like the melody of the popular hymn "Oh Holy God." The beehive was opened and they found that the bees had made a chalice of wax to contain the consecrated host.

The grave of Kurauskas was unearthed and it was found that the body was lying with its face down in the coffin. The priest said: "Now we see that he is a revenant ("patempionas"). The devil hides in his skin and bothers the people at night. There is no other way to bury him but to decapitate the corpse." In the town was a certain man who slaughtered old horses. He was called there and told to cut off the head of the corpse with an axe. He stroke once — the head laughed at him, and only with the third stroke was it severed from the body. The falling head attached itself to the hem of the executioner's coat (biting with its teeth?). The man cut off the hem of his coat and cast the head into the grave.

No matter, Kurauskas reappeared; he put on his head and haunted as before. The priest gave other advice: "You must call the real executioner from Vilkaishkis and let him do the job."

The executioner came. He cut off the head and put it at the end of the feet. Further, he poured seeds of poppy into the mouth of the revenant, pierced his throat with a stick of the rowan tree, and said: "You may rest at peace, he will come back no more." And actually Kurauskas did not appear any more.

You must believe me, this is not tale, but a true happening."

The story about an apiarist who puts the consecrated host into a beehive, has success with his bees and haunts the place when he dies, is well known among the Lithuanians. The version presented here, however, is the most developed and possesses many other and much older motives which belong to the well-known category about the "living corpse." Everything there is given with a rare precision and with astonishingly good conservation of many centuries — old ethnological facts. The story teller really believes her tale, she gave the names of persons and locations. This is a good example of what a legend really is.

Jonas Balys

### FRIENDS IN THE NEWS — THE GOLDENS

The Chicago Tribune devoted a full front page spread in its Metropolitan section about David Golden and the rest of the Golden family. Five huge pictures occupying six news columns in width, told the story of David, 16, and his brother Charles, 15, and their unusual hobby. It seems that David, some four years ago, dug up a cat's skeleton and he reconstructed it and since then he has been reconstructing skeletons of various types of animals and reptiles and doing a job as good as any high class museum specialist could produce.

The Golden family are of Canadian Anglo-Irish extraction and all children are talented. Larry Golden, 18, who has been of great help during the last year helping the editor with VILTIS, is an excellent square dance caller, danced with Beliajus' groups and participated in the National folk festival, he conducted the square dancing last summer at the Chicago Fair and called squares over station WBBM.

### LITHUANIAN WEAVERS SCORE PRAISE

Another full page spread with eight pictures occupying the entire page minus one column for text, was devoted by the Chicago Tribune to Lithuanian women at the loom. Those photographed were: Miss Danute Surkus, Mrs. Jone Bobinas, Miss Jane Katelis, Mrs. Emile Tutlys and Mrs. Brone Jameikis. Mrs. Jameikis is a beautiful young woman of stately bearing and pleasing personality. She is a trained dancer and belonged to the famed Ciurlionis Ensemble. She was once a cover girl on VILTIS and teaches the ATEITIS group during the absences of Beliajus. We are thrilled with the fact that our friends are accomplished artists in various phases. Valio!

### THE TIME MAGAZINE, TOO.

The Christmas issue of the TIME magazine, reproduced in color the painting "Flight Into Egypt" by Vytautas Kasiulis, which picture is also the winner of the Hallmark Art Award.

### ABOUT OUR FRIENDS IN THE SERVICE

Joseph Rechter, formerly the secretary for the New Jersey Square Dance Callers and Teachers Ass'n, is now a "Looyee" with the army. While stationed in Panama City, Fla. Lt. Richter organized a square dance club at the officers club which was becoming a popular recreation among the officers.

Joe was recently transferred to Roslyn Air Defence Center, N. Y. and that is practically home. Now, he gets an opportunity to do some "stepping out" on home grounds.

Bill Welch, football star of Hamline University, had to interrupt his education for a second time and give up wonderful opportunities just as his lucky star was rising high to enter the service once again. Previously he has seen service in the Pacific. The Welch family are from White Bear Lake, Minn. (and formerly from Fairhope, Ala.)

Neil Peters, of Jamestown, No. Dakota is getting his basic training in Wichita Falls, Texas, where he enlisted in the Air Force. In his mid teens Neil was a leader of the local 4-H club and also a winner of many honors. He attended Notre Dame U & studied Real Estate in Fargo. Alfas and John Girsksis, were home for the holidays. John is stationed in Washington, D. C. while Al is at Ft. Sheridan. John was hospitalized for a spell and his being home was a "sick leave". Both are members of the Ateitis folk dance group.

Art Schrader, the official photographer for the Buffalo International Institute and member of their folk dance group, is now with Uncle Sam's forces. We hope Sam discovers what a good photographer you are and selects you for soft job (we hope).

Robert East, of San Francisco, a member of Madelynne Greene's "Work Shop" is also one of many being counted among Uncle Sam's dancers who are doing the Grand Marches.

Lt. Bruce Bliss of Provo, Utah, is now at Ft. Sill, Okla. where he'll get a 15 month course of Field Artillery Officers training. Since his induction he was at Ft. Hood Texas. His charming red-headed wife, Glenna, and their baby, Mickey, were with Papa Bruce all the time since induction. That's what I call Bliss.

PFC Jim Richey, of Ripon, Cal., saw months of training at the San Antonio Air Base, then at the Panama City (Fla.) base and now he is at Travis Field, Cal. He hopes to be present at the next Stockton (Cal) camp. We all hope to see you there, too.